

BOUND IN CREPE.

Mourning on Every House and in Every Heart

AT THE PRESIDENT'S HOME.

Sad Scenes at Canton: Arrival of Funeral Train the Signal for Men and Women to Weep.

Tenderly and reverently those who had known William McKinley best received his martyred body into their arms at his old home, Canton, Ohio, Wednesday. They had forgotten the illustrious career of the statesman in the loss of a great personal friend who had grown dearer to them with the passing of the years. They hardly noticed the president of the United States or the generals and admirals in their resplendent uniforms. The beautiful flag draped casket which contained the body of their friend and fellow townsman held all their thoughts. He had left them two weeks ago in the full tide of the strength of a glorious manhood and they had brought him back dead. Anguish was in the heart of every man, woman and child. The entire population of the little city and thousands from all Ohio, the full strength of the national guard of the State, eight regiments, three batteries of artillery, one battalion of engineers, five thousand men in all, the governor, lieutenant governor and justice of the supreme court, representing the three branches of the State government, were at the station to receive the remains. The whole town was in deep black. The only house in all this sorrow-stricken city, strange as it may seem, without a touch of mourning drapery was the old familiar McKinley cottage on North Market street, to which so many distinguished men in the country have made pilgrimages in the days that are gone.

The blinds were drawn but there was no outward token of the blow that had robbed it of its most precious possession. The flowers bloomed on the lawn as they did two weeks ago. There was not even a bow of crepe upon the door when the stricken widow was carried by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey through it into the darkened home from which the light, for her, had flown forever. Only the hitching post at the curb in front of the residence had been swathed in black by the citizens in order that it might conform to the general scheme of mourning decoration that had been adopted.

As was the procession which bore the body to the old house where it lay in state it could not compare with the infinite sadness of that endless combline of broken hearted people who streamed steadily through the dimly lighted corridors of the building from the time the coffin was opened until it was taken home to the sorrowing widow at midnight. They stepped softly, lest their foot falls wake their friend from his last long sleep. Tears came unbidden to wet the bier. Perhaps it was the great change that had come upon the countenance which moved them more than the sight of the funeral features. The signs of disconsolation which appeared upon the brow and cheeks Wednesday at the black ceremony in the rounds of the capitol at Washington had deepened. The lips had become livid. All but two of the lights of the chandelier above the head were extinguished in order that the change might appear less noticeable, but every one who viewed the remains remarked the darkened features and the ghastly lips.

When the body was taken away thousands were still in line and the committee in charge of the arrangements was appealed to allow a further opportunity to view the remains before they are taken to the church. But this had to be reluctantly denied to them and the casket may never be opened again.

The sight was profoundly impressive as the funeral train drew into the little station at Canton at exactly noon. All about the station and backed deep in the surrounding streets were the friends and neighbors of the martyred president, while drawn up back of the station were long lines of militiamen at "present arms." Immediately in the rear of the station, at the mouth of Tenth street, was Troop A of Cleveland mounted on their black chargers, keeping the entrance of the line of march clear.

All about were the black symbols of mourning. The approach of the train was unheeded. No whistle was blown, no bell was rung. In absolute silence it rolled into the station. At the mere sight of the train the people who were waiting there for some reason were greatly affected. Women sobbed and men wept.

For a full minute after it had stopped no one appeared. Judge Day and his committee moved slowly down the platform in front of the line of soldiers to the catafalque and waited. Suddenly Abner McKinley in deep black, his face tense and drawn, appeared in the vestibule car next to that conveying the remains and a moment later Dr. Rixey appeared half carrying a frail and broken form. It was Mrs. McKinley arrayed in the deepest mourning. Beneath the heavy black veil she held her handkerchief to her eyes and her slight figure shook convulsively. Genuy she was lifted from the car and supported by Dr. Rixey and Abner McKinley, and was practically carried to a carriage waiting at the east end of the station. The door of the carriage was closed and Mrs. McKinley was driven hurriedly to her home on North Market street, which she had left only two weeks ago with her distinguished husband in the full vigor of manhood. Col. Bingham, the president's aide, then gave directions for the removal of the casket from the car. The coffin was too large to be taken through the door and a broad window at the side was unscrewed and removed. While this was going on, the floral pieces outside were carefully lifted out and placed upon the ground at the side of the track. When all was ready the soldiers and

soldiers who had accompanied the remains all the way from Buffalo emerged from the car and took up the paces.

Two soldiers trailed the casket and the soldiers held their drawn cutlasses at their sides. Only the body bearers were accompanied and escorted. McKinley, President Roosevelt with his brother-in-law, Capt. Conner of the navy, in full uniform at the head, followed from the car ahead of that occupied by Mrs. McKinley. The president was met by Judge Grant of the reception committee and the official party then moved to the west of the station, where they formed in line with the president at the head. All were uncovered. The casket was then lifted through the window and taken upon the brawny shoulders of the body bearers. Only the flag was on it now. At sight of it, tears came unbidden and flowed freely.

The sad procession was then formed, it was headed by Col. Bingham, in full uniform, a bow of crepe at the hilt of his sword. Following and immediately preceding the casket was a local committee headed by Judge Day. Then came the soldiers and sailors. Slowly they moved down the platform to the turn at the west end of the station where the president and cabinet stood. As they reached the head of this line a clear drawn bugle call sounded a silver requiem. Before the president and cabinet the casket was placed in the coffin. It had been placed inside the president and the official party entered carriages. Meantime, Admiral Dewey, Lieut. Gen. Miles and the other high officers of the army and navy who compose the guard of honor had moved around the east side of the station. They also entered carriages and took their place in the larger procession that was now forming. All were attired in the full uniform of their ranks. They were fairly ablaze with gold lace. The shrillness of the bugles had given the first sign to the waiting multitude outside the station that the casket was approaching. Instantly the long line of soldiers became rigid, standing at present arms. The black robes of the Cleveland troops immediately facing the station, stood motionless, their riders with sabres lowered. Slowly through the entrance came the stalwart soldiers and sailors with solemn tread bearing aloft the flag-covered coffin of the man they loved so well. As it came into view, a great sigh went up from the dense throng. After the first glance many of the men and women turned away to hide their emotions, which they could not restrain. When the casket had been conveyed to the carriage, the mournful tramp of the procession moved on. A moment later the sound of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," floated through the air as the Grand Army veterans with their band swung into line and took up the march toward the court house.

A majestically solemn spectacle was presented as the procession neared the public square in the center of the city. After the Grand Army men came the Cleveland troops, in their brilliant uniforms of Austrian Hussars, with tail-coats and breeches topped by pompoms of white. At the mouth of every street was a band of crepe and every flag was topped with a long black streamer. Immediately following the mounted troops came the hearse bearing the flag-covered coffin. The sight sent a shiver down the spine of every man and woman who saw it. Humanity stretching for a mile away to the court house. As the casket passed every face was bowed and every face seemed to have the great personal grief which had come upon the community.

Immediately following the hearse came the carriage of President Roosevelt who wore with his brother-in-law, Capt. Conner of the navy, and Secretary Gage. The carriages of the other members of the cabinet and those who had been near to the late president in public life were flung out for half a mile. Block of them marched the national guard of Ohio, regiment after regiment, in platoon front formation and filling the broad thoroughfare from side to side. As the head of the procession reached the great square of the city, the military bands swung about, forming a circle facing the approaching hearse. As it was driven to the curb, the hearse stepped from their places alongside, and again took up their march. Before the eyes of the vast concourse flitting the square the casket was tenderly raised and borne up the wide stone steps leading to the entrance of the court house. The strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" were still sounding as the flag-draped coffin disappeared within the building.

Moving slowly with short steps the coffin was borne to its support. The bearers swung slowly around so that the head lay to the west. The six bearers that were flung over the casket were drawn back, the wreaths which rested upon its head were removed, and the coffin lid was taken off. Words were quickly passed to President Roosevelt and followed by the members of the cabinet he stepped slowly into the hall, the glassed down as he reached the casket, halted for the space of a breath and went on. The members of the cabinet followed him one by one.

The members of President McKinley's old commandery of Knights Templars, Canton commandery No. 38, had asked the privilege of posting a sentry over the casket while it lay in state, and throughout the afternoon the guard was relieved every 30 minutes.

Four detachments of militia were marched into the hall and drawn up in a line reaching from the entrance to the south side of the bier. Another line stretched from the bier to the place where the hall diverged and down each side of the hall were other lines. Strict orders were given to see that there was no delay in the crowd as it passed out of the building.

When everything was ready for the people to enter, Jos. Sexton, uncle of Mrs. McKinley, an aged man bowed deeply with the weight of years, entered from the east hall and passed up to the casket. He stood for fully two minutes gazing into the face of distinguished kinsman. He then passed slowly down the hall his head bowed low, his lips twitching convulsively. A few last details were arranged and then the door was opened to the public. Two little girls were the first to approach the casket. Directly behind them was a tall powerful man with red cheeks. As he got into the casket he caught his breath in a quick sharp sob that was audible in every part of the hallway. He then gave way entirely and weeping bitterly passed out. Many of the people as they looked upon the face of their dead friend upon the face of their dead friend who had been but two weeks ago in full health, caught their breath at the change that was there. The president's face was much thinner than they had expected it would be and the sight that met their eyes shocked them greatly. The crowd was admitted four abreast, passing to the right and left of the casket by twos. No delay was permitted and all through the afternoon the crowd passed the catafalque approximately at the rate of 100 every minute, making in the five hours in which the body lay in state, a total of 50,000 people, practically a number equal to the population of Canton. When the doors were closed at 6 o'clock, the line, four abreast, stretched fully one mile from the court house and people were still coming from side streets to take their places in line.

At 6 o'clock the doors were closed to the public and preparations made for removing the body to the McKinley residence on North Market street, several squares from the court house. Canton commandery of the G. A. R., acted as escort and there was no following. Arriving at the house the casket formed in line in the streets, presenting a fine sight in the bier, the body bearers were taken into the house. It was placed in the front parlor. Guards were posted around the house at night and a number of sentries were placed in the front yard.

Laid to Rest.

With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his townpeople in the presence of the president of the United States, the cabinet, justices of the United States supreme court, senators and representatives in congress, the heads of the military and naval establishments, the governors of States and a great concourse of people who had known and loved him, that is what the body of William McKinley, the third president to fall by an assassin's bullet was committed to the grave Thursday. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur. Canton ceased to be a town and swelled to the proportions of a great city. From every city and hamlet in Ohio, from the remote corners of the south and from the east and west, the human tide flowed into the town until 100,000 people were within its gates, there to pay their last tribute to the fallen chief.

The final scenes at the First Methodist church where the funeral service was held and the beautiful West Lawn cemetery, where the body was consigned to a vault were simple and impressive. The service at the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the ministers of three denominations and singing by a quartette. The body was then taken to West Lawn cemetery and placed in a receiving vault pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest beside the dead children who were buried years ago. The funeral procession was very imposing and included not only the representatives of army and navy of the United States but the entire military strength of the State of Ohio and hundreds of civic, fraternal and other organizations. It was two miles long.

Memorial services for the dead president were held at Lindell auditorium, Lincoln, Neb., into which more than 6,000 people crowded. William J. Bryan was one of the speakers. He said: "It is unfortunate that in the heat of political controversy parties of men sometimes become so angry as to cause injuries to the cause of common sense. It is our duty to place our country upon so high a plane that personalities will be eliminated and the issues made to turn upon the principles involved. Let us hope that this national affliction, which unites all factions in a common sorrow, will result in a broader charity and more liberal spirit among those who, by different policies and through different parties, seek to promote the welfare and increase the glory of our common country."

Excitement in Canton.

Considerable excitement occurred in the public square at Canton, Ohio Wednesday afternoon while the people were assembled there to view the remains. Some one accused an Italian, who afterwards gave his name as Carmine Deviatto, of saying he would kill President Roosevelt. The man who could speak nearly a word of English became frightened and answered yes and no to random to the questions that were volleyed at him, invariably giving the wrong answer and in a moment a great crowd had surrounded him and the cry of "lynch him" was raised. Mrs. McKinley with a company of the Ohio militia was taken to the police headquarters for her own protection. The police do not believe the man contemplated harm.

To Prevent Cow From Kicking.

To prevent a cow from kicking while being milked, the rope or strap, as tight as necessary around her body in front of her udder and in front of the left, and behind the right haunch or hipbone. If this and kind treatment will not in a few days cause her to quit her kicking habit, as in a few rare cases it will not, do not beat her as has generally been the practice, but remove the strap after first drawing the milk, and touch her legs with the end of a stick, which will cause her to kick and keep her kicking by repeated touches until she has fully made up her mind that her legs were not made for kicking, which will not take many minutes, but first of all make sure you are not the cause of the kicking habit. If you are, reform yourself and not the cow.

Bryan's Tribute.

A tribute from William J. Bryan to the dead president was given to the Associated Press Wednesday. It says: "As the President's death occurred in a common sorrow, it imposes a common responsibility, namely, to preserve the family and the country, as to make the executive life secure without abridgement of the freedom of speech or freedom of the press."

HALF AND HALF.

The New President's Mother a Southern Woman.

HIS FATHER A NEW YORKER.

He Has Many Near Relatives in Georgia and South Carolina, Who Fought for the South.

President Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, has good Georgia blood in his veins. That he is well aware of this, and in doubtless proud of it, is evident from the fact that through his Georgia ancestry President Roosevelt is a member of the Georgia Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

In fact, through his mother, Martha Bulloch, the new President is simply supplied with Revolutionary ancestry. Not only was his great-grandfather, Archibald Bulloch, a member of the first Continental Congress, and the first President of the Provincial Congress of Georgia, but the other grandfather on the mother's side, Gen. Daniel Stewart, was a famous Revolutionary hero in Georgia. In addition to this his grandfather, James Bulloch, was commissioned a captain in the Virginia State militia troops at 14 years of age and served as such until the close of the war.

The Bulloch family occupied a distinguished place in the annals of Georgia and Savannah. Coming to Savannah with his parents when a boy from their home in South Carolina in 1769, Archibald Bulloch settled here, was admitted to the bar and rapidly rose to prominence. He was elected a member of the General Assembly in 1768 and was appointed a member of the committee to correspond with Benjamin Franklin, the agent of the colony. In 1771 he was elected Speaker of the Assembly at an exciting time, Governor Habersham having declined to recognize Dr. Noble Wyndley Jones, who had been three times chosen Speaker of the Assembly. The minutes of the Assembly with reference to this matter were distasteful to the Governor, and because the Assembly firmly but respectfully declined to amend them the body was peremptorily dissolved.

Mr. Bulloch continued to take an active part in public affairs, actively espousing the cause of the colonists against the home Government, and on the assembling of the "Provincial Congress" of Georgia, July 4, 1775, he was unanimously chosen President of that body. With John Houston, Noble W. Jones, D. Lyman Hall and the Rev. Dr. Zubly he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

Among the relics of the Georgia Historical Society is a carefully preserved document, the original of a resolution adopted by the Continental Congress, November 9, 1775, imposing secrecy upon all the members of the Congress as to its acts and discussions. To this is appended the name of Archibald Bulloch, with probably 100 others, including the other members from Georgia.

In January, 1776, Mr. Bulloch was again elected President of the Provincial Congress, with the added title of commander-in-chief. He was also named as one of the delegates to the Continental Congress, but his duties as head of the home Government prevented his attendance at Philadelphia and hence his name is not attached to the historic document adopted at Philadelphia July 4, 1776. Such was the unsettled condition of the times and so precarious were the affairs of the colony that the whole executive powers of government were entrusted to President Bulloch by resolution of the Provincial Congress, with a council of five persons of his own selection.

DEATH OF GOVERNOR BULLOCH.

In February, 1777, President or Governor Bulloch died suddenly at his home in Savannah. His death was a great blow to the struggling Commonwealth and may account in part for the misfortunes which befell Georgia during the remainder of the war.

The largest portrait of the several in the possession of the Georgia Historical Society is that of Governor Bulloch and his family. The portrait is the property of Dr. Joseph G. Bulloch, formerly of Savannah, but now in the Indian service of the Government, and is loaned to the society. This portrait represents Governor Bulloch as a man of splendid physique and in the prime of life. He was only 47 years of age at his death. He is in the Continental uniform and is of commanding appearance.

On his left stands a sturdy-looking boy of about 11 years. James Stephens Bulloch, the youngest of President Bulloch's sons, who was born in 1765, was in 1778, at 14 years of age, commissioned a captain in the Virginia State militia troops, in the regiment of Col. Garrison Muter and was honorably retired in 1781. He returned to Georgia and was clerk of the Inferior and Superior Courts of Chatham County. Mrs. Bulloch is represented with an infant in her arms, Archibald Stobo Bulloch, who became a prominent citizen. The little girl on the left is Jane Bulloch.

After Governor Bulloch's death another son was born, William Bellingham Bulloch, who became United States district attorney and United States Senator.

ROOSEVELT'S ANCESTORS.

James Stephen Bulloch first married Ann Erwin, daughter of Dr. John Erwin. His second wife was Martha Elliot, widow of United States Senator John Elliot, of Georgia, and daughter of Gen. Daniel Stewart, of Revolutionary fame. There were three children by each marriage, Martha Bulloch, who married Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, in New York, in 1833, was a daughter by the second marriage, and gave birth to the son who married and became President.

If President Roosevelt has splendid Revolutionary ancestry he also has some good Confederate relatives. His mother's half-brother, Capt. James B. Bulloch, was the agent of the Confederate Government in London and won fame for himself by the able manner in which he rendered aid to his Government.

It was largely through his efforts that the Alabama and other cruisers which did such damage to Northern commerce were fitted out. A full brother of Mrs. Roosevelt, Irvine B. Bulloch, was sailing master aboard the Alabama, participated as such in the disastrous encounter with the Georagrace and was later commissioned a lieutenant in the Confederate navy. Doubtless President Roosevelt had many other relatives in the Confederate service, as the Bulloch family connection throughout the South was very large.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

Martha Bulloch became acquainted with the elder Roosevelt on one of her frequent visits to New York, and falling in love with the thrifty Dutch-American merchant for which he was subsequently famous for his wife. Shortly after the formation of this happy union the younger Roosevelt, who was destined in later years to become one of the foremost figures in American public life, was ushered into existence. There are hundreds of people in Georgia who remember the Vice President's mother well, and who cherish many pleasant recollections of her.

The Vice President's Georgia progenitors sprung from the sturdy band of New England Puritans who settled in Liberty County, Georgia, in 1732, and organized what has since been known in the religious traditions of this State as Old Midway Church. They came originally from Dorchester, Mass. and first settled somewhere in South Carolina, but not liking the place, they crossed over the Savannah River and came into Liberty County, Georgia, where they found the situation much better. They were settlers who lived up to rigid standards of piety and who believed in placing education second only to religion. They sent off to New England for the most efficient ministers whom they could get to serve them and among the number who came from time to time was Dr. Abel Holmes, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes served the congregation of Old Midway Church from 1785 to 1791, and when he returned to his home in the North he left many sore hearts behind him. Such was the intellect as well as the moral vigor which the congregation of Old Midway Church infused into the life of the State that from the loins of the settlers who laid its foundation broad and deep in 1732 have sprung some of the nation's most distinguished men in every line of life.

A BOX OF RICE FOR AGRICULTURE.

President Roosevelt became a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of Georgia shortly after its organization in 1891. He had no difficulty in showing his right to membership. Although he is a member in good standing, he has never attended any of the annual meetings of the society, though he has been twice invited to respond to toasts on these occasions. The members of the Georgia Society now have hopes, however, of entertaining a President, who will at the same time be a member, at one of these anniversary dinners of the old distant future.—Savannah News.

No North, No South.

On the day before President McKinley was shot, Vice President Roosevelt made a speech before the Union veterans of Vermont. The following quotation deserves attention as a timely utterance. "In the first place you have left us the right of brotherhood with the gallant men who were the gray in the ranks against which you were pitted. We can retain an ever growing sense of the all-importance, not merely to our people, but to man kind, of the Union victory, while giving the front and hearty recognition to the sincerity and self-devotion of those Americans, our fellow-countrymen, who then fought against the stars in their courses. Now there is none left, North or South, who does not take joy or pride in the Union and when three years ago we or more had to face a foreign enemy, the heart of every true American thrilled with pride to see veterans who had fought in the Confederate uniform once more appear under Uncle Sam's colors, side by side with their former foes, and leading to victory under the famous old flag the sons of those who had worn the blue and of those who had worn the gray."

His Head Chopped Off.

The State says Friday one of the first acts of the governor upon his return to the city was to chop off the official head of Constable Coleman, who was recently been strangled in Columbia. It was reported to the governor that Coleman, while under order to go elsewhere, remained in Columbia got on a drunk and had trouble with a local man. Without the formality of asking for an explanation the governor removed the constable. There are one or two other constables who have been reported to the governor for jumping their board bills. These will find themselves in Coleman's fix if they do not immediately pay their bills.

He Sneered.

As Magistrate Cornell was leaving the Essex Market, New York police court Wednesday he was accosted by a man who spoke sneeringly of a mourning band which the magistrate wore on his left sleeve in memory of President McKinley. The magistrate at once arrested the man and took him back to court where he said he was William Davis, a shoemaker, of Troy, N. Y. Magistrate Cornell sentenced him to Blackwell's island for three months.

Denies It.

Senator Wellington, in a letter denies the alleged interview in which he is alleged to have expressed indifference to the shooting of McKinley. He says he abhors the assassin's crime and favors drastic anarchistic laws. He says McKinley did him such an injustice that he could never forgive him.

Four Killed in Wreck.

Four men were killed Friday night in a Pere Marquette freight wreck at Wayne, Mich., a small village about 12 miles west of here. The names of but two have been learned. They are J. W. Sweeney, of Toledo, Ohio, and Gus Leopold, of Westbury, Mich.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

In Less Favorable Condition Than for Some Weeks.

Below is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops of the State issued last week by Director Bauer of the South Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the United States weather bureau:

The week ending 8 a. m., Monday, Sept. 16th, averaged nearly five degrees per day warmer than usual, and had a maximum temperature of 96 degrees at Blackville on the 13th, and a minimum of 59 degrees at Greenville on the 9th. There was more than the usual amount of bright sunshine, and only in the extreme western portions did cloudiness prevail to any considerable extent. The winds were generally southerly, and dried the surface of the soil to quite a depth.

Well distributed showers in the extreme western and northwestern counties on the 13th, and light, very scattered showers in the south central counties, but there was an entire absence of rain over the greater portion of the State until the evening of the 16th, when showers occurred over the southern counties.

The dry weather was favorable for harvesting rice, and for picking cotton, but was injurious on turkeys, young cotton, fall truck, and gardens, and all other growing crops.

Cotton opened fast, except along the northern border counties, and some opened prematurely owing to rust that has increased rapidly. The hot weather induced shedding, and stopped growth of young cotton. The crop is reported in a less favorable condition than it was a few weeks ago, and is not as heavily fruited as it promised to be. Boll worms have appeared in many sections and have caused much injury. Soa island cotton improved during the week. Picking has made fair progress, although little has as yet been ginned.

Early corn is being gathered, and as predicted the yields are poor; late corn is somewhat better. Much fodder was saved in excellent condition during the week. Rice harvest made rapid progress under nearly ideal weather conditions, and is nearly finished for March and April seedings. The crop is good where not injured by birds, that were unusually numerous in the Georgetown district. Large quantities of dry cow peas were marketed during the week, but the plantings need rain. Army worms are disappearing, but they destroyed nearly the entire hay crop in a few counties; elsewhere the hay crop is an unusually heavy one. Fall truck crops need rain, and in the Charleston district the drought is becoming serious and menacing, although the actual damage already done is insignificant.

Women and Children Crushed.

A dispatch from Washington says the opening of the doors of the capitol in order to permit the inspection of the remains of President McKinley caused a rush of the vast throng that had been congregated on the east side of the building since early morning. The result was that many women and children were badly hurt. The crowd brushed by the police cordoned stationed at the foot of the steps as if they had been chaff. A terrible congestion on the capitol steps and at the entrance door followed. At the latter point there was such extreme pressure that numbers of women fainted. Many who thus became helpless were lifted up bodily and carried out over the heads of the crowd, while others, less fortunate, were trampled under foot and seriously injured. Of the latter 12 or 15 were taken into the capitol. The room immediately under the rotunda where the president's remains lay was a temporary hospital, filled with screaming women, lying prone upon improvised couches. One of them had a broken arm and another had suffered internal injuries which caused excruciating pain. The office of the captain of police also was used to accommodate the injured as were several other places about the building. Indeed, the rotunda itself was used to that end by some of the less badly injured and by many who had their clothing torn, as estimated that not fewer than 50 women and children were injured to some extent but most of them were able to go to their homes. A few were taken to the emergency hospital.

Friendship for the South.

In a letter to the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore United States Senator J. M. McMillan of South Carolina tells of the interview he had with Mr. McKinley one day during the days of the Spanish war.

"The president," says Senator McMillan, "spoke beautifully and tenderly of the southern people, and of how he intended to use the power and influence of his great office to reunite our country. 'I can recall the words, but who can paint the earnestness and eloquence as raising of one hand on high, he said: 'Senator, by the help of God, I propose to the president of the whole country, the south as much as the north, and before the end of my term the south will understand this.' 'No wonder, as a true southern man I loved and trusted President McKinley. I stood by him in the senate and elsewhere and I thank God that I did.' 'Patriotic in purpose, and pure in heart, his noble soul was now with him whom the hate of man nailed to the cross. Like Lincoln, who saved the country, McKinley, who reunited it, dies a martyr to envy and hate.'"

Pretty Girl a Burglar.

Edith M. Knapp, of Sherman, Conn., sixteen years old, of a heading family, in that place, was arranged in the original superior court charged with burglary. She is an exceptionally attractive and accomplished girl, and appeared in striking contrast to that of her alleged partner in crime, Miss Catherine Britton, aged twenty-two. They are accused of breaking into the house of a neighbor while the occupants were away recently, and of stealing several valuable trinkets. Both pleaded not guilty and were prepared to fight, but their cases will not be tried until others have been disposed of.

Drowned at Norfolk.

Four negro fishermen, names not known, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Norfolk, Va., in the fierce southeasterly wind that blew from the south. The unfortunate men were employed at the fishery of Lewis & Mayor near Ocean View.

THE SOUTH AND MCKINLEY.

The Grief of this Section is Genuine and Sincere.

It is not remarkable that from newspapers and citizens of all classes in every part of the south there have come and are still coming many expressions of sorrow at his death and of profound appreciation of his broad patriotism. Out of this feeling which pervades the south has sprung the hearty approbation of the movement to build a monument to the lamented president in Atlanta. In discussing this exhibition of affection on the part of the people of the south the late president of the New Orleans Picayune said truly: "It is not a mere transient sentiment galvanized into existence by the sad and sudden fate which overcame him; but it is the grief with which friendship and affection accept the loss of a beloved object, joined to the sense of indignation and outrage at the atrocious crime by which this loss was inflicted."

If it is asked why the people of the south should have held in such regard a child of a magistrate who was a northern man and the standard bearer of a political party to which the people of the south were constantly opposed, the answer is not difficult. It was because that northern man loved the south, and used his high office as much as he could to heal its wounds and right the wrongs under which its people had suffered.

"It was through political sectionalism that the greatest wrongs and the heaviest losses had been inflicted on the people of these southern states, and it was under McKinley's administration that the chasm which had so long been open, like an impassable gulf of hate, between the north and the south, was most nearly closed, and it was through his special exertions and desire that this noble work of justice and righteousness had been accomplished."

President McKinley in many of his public addresses proclaimed his heartfelt desire that the people of the south and those of the north should be reunited in heart and patriotic purpose, as well as in name, and it is not going too far to say that he did more than any other man to accomplish this glorious result.

At the peace jubilee in Atlanta in December, 1893, his speech at the capitol was not the only occasion on which President McKinley spoke sentiments which sank deep into the hearts of our people.

"Four years have gone since I last saw the people of Georgia in public assembly. Much has happened in the intervening time. The nation has been at war, not within its own shores, but with a foreign power—a war waged, not for aggrandizement, but for our oppressed neighbors, for freedom and amelioration. It was short but decisive. It gave new honors to American arms. It has brought new problems to the republic whose solution will tax the genius of our people. United we will meet and solve them with honor to ourselves and to the lasting benefit of all concerned. The war brought us together, its settlement will keep us together. Reunited glorious realization of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and of all lovers of the republic again and one country forever! Proloud it from the press and pulpit; teach it in the schools; write it across the skies! The world sees and feels it; it cheers every heart north and south, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again! At peace with all the world and with one another, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity?"

Killed for His Words.

The captain of a small oyster sloop, which has been dredging in the upper Chesapeake, and which arrived at Norfolk, Saturday, reported that he and his crew had been shot at by a party of men who were engaged in the business of shooting oysters. President McKinley was shot at a Poole appeared at Baidva, Md., and secured a place as hand on a sloop whose master is named George Howell. The man was fairly well dressed and was educated. He told the oystermen that he came from a good family but was out of from them with a small allowance. The day after the president threw a passenger on a passing steamer the Pole secured it and while the crew were waiting for him to reach the shore, he was shot at by a party of men. The Pole will be the next in a short time. The crew set upon him and severely beat him, rendering him unconscious. The captain and mate intervened, but later, when the master had gone ashore, the crew killed the unconscious form up and threw it overboard.

Mobbed Him Twice.

Geo. Bradshaw, the carpenter who was mobbed in Oklahoma City for refusing to walk under the American flag in the McKinley parade, was carried to Guthrie Friday morning and placed in the Logan county jail for protection. While in jail Bradshaw said: "I am an anarchist. Oklahoma City is made up of hoodlums. If this is a free country, a man has a right to say what he thinks. This is not a free country, the powers are subsidized. No, Congress is not an anarchist; he is a nihilist or insane. He will never be executed; mark my words." That Bradshaw has plenty of courage was proven when he returned to Oklahoma City at 10 o'clock Friday night, after having been run out by the mob during the day. His presence again became known, and another mob was gathering, when the officers took him in charge.

They Love Him.

In the parade of the labor unions at Pittsburgh on Labor Day a transparency which attracted much attention bore the following device:

I am a Yankee born,
My colors you can see,
I'll live and die for white men,
But no black sheep for me.
Yes, certainly they do love the negro in the North.

A Strange Fatality.

The Springfield Republican points out that the Ohio presidents "have been pursued by a curious and most lamentable fatality," as the following shows: "Of the four, only President Hayes failed to die in office. Garfield and McKinley were assassinated, and William Henry Harrison served but one month of his term. Ohio men have been elected to five terms in office, but succeeded in serving only nine years and one month of the 20 years—Harrison one month, Hayes four years and McKinley four years and six months."

A WARSHIP SINKS.

The World's Fastest Destroyer Goes to Bottom.

SIXTY-SEVEN MEN LOST.

The Vessel Struck on a Rock and Her Boiler Exploded, Sinking the Ship Wrecked Sometime Ago.

A dispatch from London says the torpedo boat destroyer, Cobra, has foundered in the North sea, the result of an explosion. The ship was en route from the yard of her builders, the Armstrongs of New Castle, to Portsmouth, and carried 42 naval men and 35 men in the employ of the contractors. Twelve men were saved and it is believed that they are the only survivors. Five boats were launched after the Cobra struck, but some of them were swamped in the heavy sea which was running at the time.

The first intimation of the disaster was the arrival of a fishing boat at Yarmouth with six bodies which she had picked up in the vicinity of the spot where the Cobra was last seen. According to the fishermen the Cobra was sighted by the lightship off Dowling Sands Thursday morning enveloped in steam and she shortly afterwards disappeared. The men on the lightship supposed the Cobra had sailed away until the evening when they observed bodies floating in the water and signalled the fishing boat to investigate the disaster.

A dispatch from Middleboro says 12 survivors of the crew of the Cobra were landed there and confirm the first